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ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, 63 Park Row, New York. RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. ANGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter, ription Rates to The Evening For England and the Continent and World for the United States

All Countries in the International and Canada.

Postal Union.

VOLUME 55......NO. 19,362

#### LOST: THE CASUS BELLI.

HE news that Austria has abandoned the campaign against Servia makes grim mockery of the German "White Book." "From the very beginning of the conflict," declares Germany, "we took the stand that this was an affair of Austria which the alone would have to bring to a decision with Servia."

"We have therefore devoted our entire effort to localising

Superb effort! Admirable result! And of course the Czar only wanted a little "localized" discussion with Austria! But none of the hot-bloods ever thought it worth while to wait until they could see how the "localized" question would settle itself.

An appalling instance of the hopelessness and haplessness of events when dynasties have a hand in the making of them.

Nobody is fighting for or against Servia any more or even thinking of her. Any poor little casus belli that ever existed is now semashed flat under a colossal pyramiding of imperial ambitions.

We gather the German Ambassador inclines to the opinion, diplomatically speaking, that Germany will lick the stuffing

#### STREET PLAYGROUNDS.

HE plan-first advanced by The Evening World-to keep certain streets free from traffic during fixed hours in order to afford safe play spaces for children, is spreading. Police Inspector Henry of Long Island City asks the consent of Mayor Mitchel and Police Commissioner Woods to a reservation of various streets in his district for this purpose. Last week the Police Commissioner, in accordance with this newspaper's plan, designated nineteen streets in Manhattan and Brooklyn from which traffic is to be excluded during the hours between 2 and 5 in the afternoon.

A single week's record of two children killed, three maimed for life and seven run over and injured calls for prompt action.

Enclosed playgrounds are the best remedies. But where playgrounds cannot be immediately available there is no reason why guarded street areas should not supply at least partial protection for the youngsters.

New Yorkers seem to consider war in Europe an excuse for cutting off their contributions to playground maintenance. But war in Europe is no all-round reason why children must be killed wholesale in the streets of New York-

If the War Department at Washington wants to cover itself with glory, why doesn't it finally send transports to Europe to bring home the trunks?

#### APPLES A-PLENTY.

SIZABLE apple crop of 210,000,000 bushels the Department of Agriculture forecasts for this fall. Not so big as the crop of 1912 by 25,000,000 bushels, but still 65,000,000 bushels shead of last year.

Apples are an important market item in the daily budget of the American consumer Along with the record grain crop the promise of a big apple yield is a happy omen for this country at a time when it needs to produce as much as ever it can of everything to satisfy

Last year, during the four months of September, October and November, the average price of apples was 85.5 cents per bushel. There is every reason to believe that by the time the crop is picked this year there will be no food pirates to hoard them away for a war rise. The trees have done well, if not their best. There need be no famine quotations on American apples.

Food jobbers in Norway started a war price raid. They picked pockets for just two days. Then the Government collared them and made them give back the loot to their victims What's a government for?

#### DRUG VICTIMS CROWD THE HOSPITALS

T was only a question of time, under the new laws against the use of drugs, when the city would have to provide some means of caring for drug victims outside the city hospitals.

Acting Mayor McAneny, the Police Commissioner and the Commissioners of Charities and Correction are to ask the Board of Estimate for money to convert a portion of the city's Home for Inebristee, known as Warwick Farm, into a canatorium for treating drug patients.

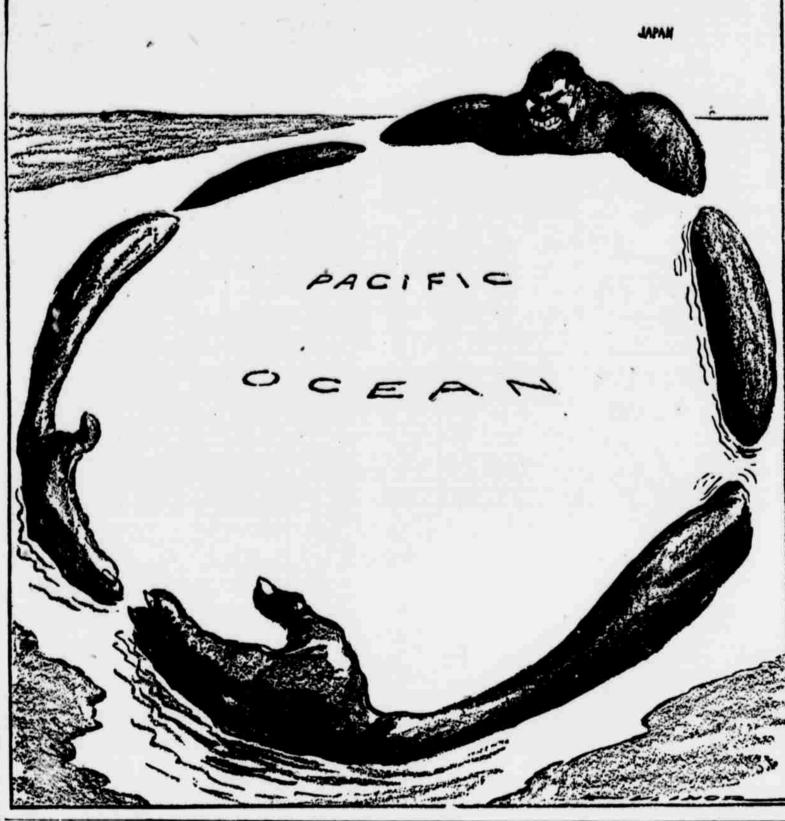
The Boylan law requires that anybody with drugs in his possession shall be arrested and taken before a Police Magistrate. If he is found to be a drug victim he must be sent to one of the city's hospitals for treatment. Inasmuch as there have been nearly 1,000 such patients since July 1, including many users of drugs who have voluntarily gone before the Magistrates and begged for a chance to be cured, it is obviously unjust to regular hospital patients to crowd these institutions with "dope fiends."

The Boylan law has already disclosed a disquieting number of drug cases, which lays upon the city a new and grave responsibility. The hospitals should not bear the whole burden.

#### Letters From the People

To the litter of The Seesing World:
The fact remains that I have found
we uncivil or grouchy clerks in
wittown (below Canal street) stores
ans in any store further uptown,
if I am wondering why. Uptown
for I am wondering why. Uptown
brusque or uncivil clerk is an
seption. Downtown it seems alseption. Downtown it seems alseption. Downtown it seems alseption. It is because the
street was made in the seems with
seems reason. Is it because the
system shops are more universally
trained by men, I wonder? Some
the seems to be qualifying for a

The Reward? Stree Prote Prote Prote By Robert Minor



# Tho when she comes upstairs. Then we'll all be deaded!" cried Master Willie, dancing in the darkness on the plano top in horrified joy at the thought. "Why don't you kill the dreadful little creature?" shricked Mrs. Jarr to her barefooted beleagured husband

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H, my snake! My polse snake!" wailed Master

"Light the lights!" cried "It's gotten so dark I off the sofs, intending to run the gauntiet in the dark for safety, light can't see the pesky thing!"

He was sitting by the window with his tango-swollen bare feet on a cushthe most acute nervous dread of it was snakes eve when he had his

"Oh. I'm afraid to move! I'm stand. ing on the sofa and there's a nail in the heel of my slipper and I'm ruining the upholstery," mouned Mrs. Jarr, too frightened at first to

"I can hear it, pop! I con hear it, mamma! It's right in the front of the planner!" exclaimed Master Jarr. wild with all the childish delight of being intensely frightened. "Issy Slavinsky said if the snake got loose to grab it by the tall and snap it like whip and you could snap its head

"WILL-E-E-E-E!" shricked his mother. "You dreadful boy! Why

#### Hits From Sharp Wits.

When bad news travels it always

Many a man has knocked at the door of the poorhouse because he tried to be a good fellow.—Memphia Commercial-Appeal.

Everybody gives advice that he ocen't himself follow. — Albany

A Kansas man has wisely observed that when a book "is very suitable as a gift" it is rarely worth reading.—
Omaha Bee.

wearing tight shoes causes bald-Memphie Commercial Appeal. "One reason why man is superior to weman," writes some unregenerate male on the Cincinnati Inquirer, "In because a man always knows where he get his besteen." One he

### Mr. Jarr Learns What Occurred When the Serpent Entered Eden

As her foot cautiously reached the floor it struck something s ft and yielding that emitted a whistling hiss and then bounded at her and struck her on the ankle. Immediately her shrieks of terror roused the neighborhood.

Gertrude, the Jarrs' light running domestic, keeping a pre-movie tryst ing to her fireman lover, on the stairs, had but one cause in the erstwhile light running domestic, on the stairs, had but one cause in the erstwhile light running domestic, on the stairs, had but one cause in the erstwhile light running domestic, was saved some sixteen times during in the erstwhile light running domestic, it is a stair, had but one cause in the erstwhile light running domestic, was saved some sixteen times during in the erstwhile light running domestic, it is struck something s ft and smoke, the firemen filled the street with for the place for the pleasure I had in the game, as I used to, for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place for the pleasure I had in the game, it is truck in the place in the place of the place in the place of the place in the place of the place in the place in the plac

"Do you mean our Willie or the serpent in our Eden?" asked Mr. Jarr. "How in the name of Sacred Hokey Pokey can I go killing a wild rattlesnake in my bare feet?"

lover, on the stairs, had but on of alarm impressed upon her. "Fire! Fire!" she shrieked. them, Claude! Save them!"
With the emotional Gertrude ing to his neck, Claude, the fire the stairs, had but on the

them, Claude! Save them!"
With the emotional Gertrude climbing to his neck, Claude, the fireman, dragged her down the stairs to the fire alarm box. In one brief minute, which Mrs. Jarr still filled with shrieks and Ger-

trude with cries of "Save me!" the engines were on the scene from the fire house on the block below.

#### Wit, Wisdom and Philosophy ON BEING HARD UP. By Jerome K. Jerome.

Remembering this is the Age of Woman, Mrs. Jarr summoned all her

Woman, Mrs. Jarr summake, anyway, courage—it was only a snake, anyway, and not a terrible mouse—and stepped and not a terrible mouse—and stepped

CAN speak with authority on the subject of being hard up. I have been a provincial actor at fifteen shillings a week. I have lived a

week on ten, owing the other five, and I have lived for a fortnight on an overcoat.

There have been a good many funny things said and written about hardupishness, but the reality is not funny for all that. It is not funny to have to haggle over pennies. It isn't funny to be thought mean and stingy. It isn't funny to be shabby and to be ashamed of your address. No, there is nothing at all funny in poverty—to the poor. It is hell upon earth to a sensitive man. And many a brave gentleman who would have faced the labors of Hercules has had his heart broken by its petty miseries

It is not the actual discomforts themselves that are hard to bear. Who would mind roughing it a bit if that were all it meant? Being poor is a merer trifle. It is being known to be poor that is the sting. It is not cold that makes a man without an overcoat hurry along so quickly. It is not all burn so red when he tells you that he considers overcoats unhealthful and never carries an umbrella on principle. It is easy enough to say that poverty though, and is punished as such. A poor man is despised the world over despised as much by a Christian as by a lord, as much by a demogogue as by a footman, and not all the copybook maxims ever set for ink-stained youth will make him respected.

Appearances are everything, so far as human opinion goes; and the man who will walk down Piccadilly arm in arm with the most notorious scamp in London (provided he is a well dressed one) will slink up a back street to

One becomes used to being hard up, as one becomes used to everything A lapse from righteousness is al-ways believed to be permanent; a wrongdoer's reformation is always doubted.

tell at a glange the difference between the old hand and the novice; between the case hardened man who has been used to shift and struggle for years and the poor devil of a beginner striving to hide his misery and in a constant doubted. else by the help of that wonderful old homeopathic doctor, Time. You can tell at a glange the difference between the old hand and the novice; between the case hardened man who has been used to shift and struggle for years where, "True case in pawning comes from art—not chance." The one goes into the pawnbroker's office with as much composure as he would into his tailor's, very likely with more. Yet what a piece of work a man makes of his first pawning transaction! A boy popping his first question is confiden

Dear old ladies and gentlemen who know nothing about being hard up and may they never, bless their gray heads!—look upon the pawnshop as the last stage of degradation. But those who know it better (and my readers have no doubt noticed this themselves) are often surprised, like the little boy who dreamed he went to heaven, at meeting so many people there that they never expected to see. For my part, I think it a much more independent course than borrowing from friends; and I always try to impress this upon those of my acquaintance who incline toward "wanting a couple of pounds till the day after to-morrow."

Thus, a rubber doll baby by the sofa and a tiny garter snake under the piano, Mr. Jarr in bare feet and Mrs. Jarr in hysterics and Master Willie in boyish glee, "ave the neighborhood something to talk of be-sides the war for one evening at least.

#### "Telephone Telefools" By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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WOMAN writes as follows:

"I want to know if I can get legal redress or in any way stop a nuisance which is causing



trouble. I am on a party line of a in getting a proper use of my tele-

woman on the same line and she is everlastingly at the telephone. seems almost every time I call a number she is using the line. I cannumber she is using the line. I can-not help hearing scraps of conversa-of their hands. Their constant theory tion in trying to get Central, and is "Whom shall I call next?" there is a constant flow of the most unimportant, silly, UNNECESSARY talk between this woman and her

has indeed developed "TELEFOOLS."
While this woman may not have iegal redress, she can appeal to the company, which will probably locate the offender and at least draw her attention to the condition of affairs.

People who monopolize a telephone, especially on a party line, to the degree above mentioned should not be such in the day about inane things.

With the disease of telephonitis. The especially on a party line, business woman dislikes being impotent to which they are justly en truder as soon as possible. And she had makes endless work for loss considerable time as a result of such in TRUSION.

Then there are those foolish girls who will call up men at business fact that people say things to other over the loss of the day about inane things.

# Cönfessions. AUNDREDTH WITE Daughter, I charge thee, waste not thy fruitful hours upon the

Higher Education of a Youth; for thy reward shall be the reward Behold, what a man learneth from one woman he PRACTISETH INC.

One damsel shall teach him the ways of love, but Another shall rese the fruits of her labors.

One maiden shall teach him to dance; yet, when he hath mastered the one-step and learned to "hesitate" WITHOUT counting, he shall seek a variety of partners, and she that taught him shall be feft to decorate the wall as before.

Lo! Amarville shall lead him unto a secret nook, and he shall rejo saying in his heart:

"And to-morrow I shall bring GLADYS hither!"

One maiden shall patiently train him in the art of courtship and di each him HOW to kiss. And he shall gladly receive her instruction, thinking privily:

"Behold, I shall spring THIS upon all the 'Others!" Then, why shalt thou spend thy days in works of charity?

For, in the love-game, every man is a REPEATER. Lo! in my youth, I took unto my heart a Rough Diamond, saying

"Behold, I shall polish him for mine own purposes." Yet, when I had TAMED him, by subtle means, and instructed him oncerning the cut of his hair, and the wearing of a dinner coat, lo! he forook me for a rich widow with seven children.

Whereupon I took in hand another youth, saying:

"Alas! it is my Mission to educate the Young and Simple, that they may be endurable unto the rest'of my Sex." But, when I had made of THIS one a "finished" article, he came unto

me and smote me with his wrath, crying: "Thou Vampire! Why hast thou encouraged me, if thou wert not serious? Lo! thou hast RUINED my life and made of me a woman-hater." And thereafter he was called "Cynic" and wore a ribbon upon his

Verily, verily, my Daughter, the ways of a Charitable Woman are hard; and there is no Gratitude in men! For if thou takest one of them as a PASTIME, he thinketh he hath

been "taken in;" yet, if thou takest him SERIOUSLY, he refuseth to be taken at all!

# Chapters From a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

CHAPTER LXXII.

STOOD for some time looking at the picture before I turned it around. Then for some time longer I looked at the painted image of myndering all the time how Jack looking all the time how Jack looking and the painted image of myndering all the time how Jack looking and the looking and th

self, wondering all the time how Jack could be so cruel.

It was after midnight when Jack came in, and we went directly to bed. He answered my questions anent his proffered. Perhaps now he would invariably waited until it was proffered. Perhaps now he would invariably waited until it was proffered.

evening pleasantly, but volunteered make more money, make it more quickly. And, as usual, discounting what he had said, I made my little dinner more elaborate than I had at

well acquainted in Highland Terrace and with the best people. That is, with the people that lived the best. I had joined not only one but several clubs. I played bridge nearly every day for hours, and for money. Not for small sums, but for large ones. And instead of playing, as I used to,

things was spent in studying all the jack, of intricacles of the game.

Of course Jack knew I played, and you have

that I won occasionally. But when my winnings were large I never told him, but saved them until I had enough to open a checking account in New York. Mildred—who had joined one of the Terrace clubs—ad-to deceive me."

vising me as to which bank would be the best for me.

After a time I again grew careless as to the bills I ran. For a time I had been most punctilious, but as Jack persisted in a sort of a coldness toward me—nothing that I could talk Jack persisted in a sort of a coldness toward me—nothing that I could talk about, or complain of, but that I felt—I grew reckless. He had told me only once of anything he had heard dred. It had not amounted to much. That is, it hadn't for us, for the advance was slight, and we had very little to invest. I imagine it meant more to Ned Somers, although I could see that Mildred was a trifle disappointed.

pointed.
"Aren't you going it pretty fast,
Sue?" Jack asked one day when I
told him I was going to give a dinner
party, the second that week.
"No faster than those we go with,"

telephone, not being able to afford a private one, and I find great difficulty

"No faster than those we go with," although we played for comparative mends and I find great difficulty

"No faster than those we go with," although we played for comparative small stakes. My luck was with mand no matter whom I played with secored. Jack made quite a joke the hostess winning from her guest the hostess wi Holman—that's all. Just enough to "You're a great bridge player, Bust if I were you when I was playing dinner."

have a simple dinner, Sue. I else don't see why you think it necessary Jack certainly has old-fast to make your little affairs cost so ideas. much!" Jack grumbled. Then, "I be-

"Now, I do not want to appear as a grouch or constant companies and I wish to be reasonable. But others must suffer from similar trials and a solution may be suggested."

The point is well taken, and the every-minute use of the telephone has indeed developed "TELEFOOLS."
While this woman may not have less than the second s

the offender and at least draw her attention to the condition of affairs.

People who menopolize a telephone, especially on a party line, to the degree above mentioned should not established be made to take out a private wire.

For I am sorry to say that there are those of my sax who go on the theory that a party line is a device by peet man to believe that people say things that disgusts the male sex it is this thing of not respecting the fact that business the male sex it is this thing of not respecting the fact that business the male sex it is that the business that the people say that the people say things the day about inane things.

The sum in the sum is the sum is the business that the people say that the people s

which women never get lonesome. being pursued by the girl in que and the receiver is scarcely ever out tion, instead of the other way about their hands. Their constant theory Consideration is the watchwerd. all sides.

(To Be Continued.)

Jack, of being economical."
"YOU economical! Why, later you have acted as though you didn't know the meaning of the word.
Then, more soberly: "I only best Cosgrove is right. I would like the

All through dinner I thought of and I, too, became excited over t idea. This time I was sure—by Jack

ing.

The dinner went off without a later Acting on Mrs. Eberhardt's advice, had one of the waiters from the discome over and serve. North and cooked everything and the dinner we delicate.

And then they wonder what is the matter when the high telephone bill comes in. Everybody has had experience with friends who will tak. When there is nothing to talk about they MAKE talk. I know a woman of believe who have the calling up a state of the back fence.

face to face.

HAVE A REASON FOR THE PHONING AND TELPHONING FOR THAT REASON. You will acre part and trouble. At least, dark be to the property of the part of the